

A

SELECTION

OF

ANTI-SLAVERY HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF

THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION.

BOSTON :
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PREFACE.

THE rapid multiplication of Anti-Slavery Societies, in various portions of our land, and the frequency of their public convocations, seem to require a judicious selection of Hymns, descriptive of the wrongs and sufferings of our slave population, and calculated to impress upon the minds of those who read them, or commit them to memory, or hear them sung, a deep sense of their obligations to assist in undoing every burden, breaking every yoke, and setting every captive free. Hitherto, in all meetings for the delivery of anti-slavery addresses, much embarrassment has been felt, in consequence of the difficulty of finding in the Hymn Books which are in common use, appropriate pieces to be sung on those occasions : hence, an earnest desire has been widely expressed that the defect might be remedied by a collection of anti-slavery hymns. I have therefore ventured to make the following collection, as an experiment, which, if it succeed, may lead to something better and more voluminous. My materials have been so scanty as to prevent the exercise of taste, and that classification and variety which are desirable. Some of the pieces are too long, but I have not felt authorised to mutilate them, as a few verses may easily be selected and sung ; others are intended specially for the use of our colored brethren ; others, perhaps, are not adapted to music, but may be read profitably. I have acknowledged the names of their authors, as far as I have been able to ascertain their origin. As the last Monday evening of every month is now extensively observed as a CONCERT OF PRAYER for the emancipation of the slaves, and the redemption of our land, this little book, it is believed, will be found useful on every such occasion. May the God of the oppressed bless it to the advancement of the cause of humanity and righteousness !

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, March 1, 1834.

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ANTI-SLAVERY HYMNS.

HYMN 1.

Old Hundred.

Oh Father, when the soften'd heart
Is lifted up in prayer to thee,
When earthly thoughts awhile depart,
And leave the mounting spirit free—

Then teach us that our love, like thine,
O'er all the realms of earth should flow,
A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
To bathe and heal the heart of wo.

Then shall the bondman hear no more
The tyrant's, in the christian's name,
Nor tears of wasting anguish pour,
Unpitied, o'er his life of shame.

But taught to love thee, by the love
That bids his long-worn fetters break,
He too shall lift his soul above,
And serve thee for thy mercy's sake.

HYMN 2.

St. Martins.

Hark to the clank ! what means that sound ?
'Tis slavery shakes its chains !
Man driving man in fetters bound,—
And this where freedom reigns !

Say, what have these poor wretches done,
That chains their lot should be ?
Are they not punished to atone
For some great robbery ?

Or black atrocious homicide,
Or treasonable plan ?
Ah no ! to pamper human pride,
Man chains his fellow man !

Man's flesh and blood each day behold,
Like swine to market driven ;
God's noblest creatures bought and sold
By Christians ! Heirs of Heaven !

Great God ! does such hypocrisy
Not call for vengeance due ?
Shall patriots shout for liberty,
And act the tyrant too ?

They say, by nature all are free,
But blush when truth unfolds,
To own how black his heart must be,
Who lives by trading souls.

HYMN 3.

Devizes.

Who is thy neighbor!—see him stand
With sunken cheek and eye,
Where hunger shows the empty hand
Thy bounty can supply!

Go where the widow'd mother pines
For what thou well canst spare—
Where palsied age in want reclines,
And see thy neighbor there!

Behold him in the stranger, cast
Upon a foreign shore,
Who, homeless, in the cutting blast,
Is shiv'ring at thy door!

Go seek him 'mid the dungeon's gloom,
And carry comfort there;
And on the living in that tomb,
Call blessings down by prayer.

He's in thine enemy, who gave
Thee wounds that open still!
For him of Heaven forgiveness crave,
And pay him good for ill.

Look, where the sable captive sighs
For rights enjoy'd by thee!
He is thy neighbor—loose his ties,
And set the bondman free.

Columbia, favor'd of the skies !
 How can thy banner wave,
 While at thy feet thy neighbor lies
 A crush'd and fetter'd slave ?

There is a blot among thy stars—
 A chord is in thy hand—
 A stain upon thy face, that mars
 The beauty of our land !

Thou noble Tree of Liberty !
 Should not thy verdure fade
 O'er him who would his neighbor see
 Excluded from thy shade ?

Did they who rear'd thee by their toil,
 Not will thy fruit to be
 Alike, for all who tread our soil,
 A harvest sweet and free ?

Philanthropy, from every breast
 Thy streams should ceaseless flow,—
 Our neighbor's in the weak, th' opprest—
 And every child of wo !

HYMN 4.

Brattle Street.

That dearest name ! ay, even thou,
 Poor slave, may'st lift thine eye,
 Nor dread a chilling glance of scorn
 Will meet thee from the sky.

Go bend the knee, and raise the soul,
 And lift thy hopes above,
 The God of heaven is e'en to thee,
 A Father in his love.

The earth-worm, man, may crush thee down
 To slavery and shame,
 And in his puny pride usurp
 A *Master's* haughty name ;

But He, Lord God Omnipotent,
 Disdaineth not to bear
 A *parent's* cherished name to thee,
 To yield a parent's care.

And thou, with childlike confidence
 May'st spring to his embrace,
 Nor shrink in shame before the glance
 Of that paternal face ;

Thou are not yet an ingrate vile—
 Thou hast not in thy pride
 Returned him falsehood for his love,—
 His holiest laws defied.

Thou never like a thief hast spoiled
 The nurslings of his fold,
 Thou ne'er hast given thy brother's form
 To be enslaved and sold ;

No wrathful thunders seem, to thee,
 To clothe his vengeful arm ;
 No fearful lightnings in his eye
 Awake thy wild alarm.

Our Father ! oh, how deeply dear
 That holy name should be—
 How should we love the meanest one
 Who thus may call on Thee !

And yet——thou just and righteous God !
 If thou wert *not* our sire,
 Long since we had been swept away
 By thy consuming ire.

HYMN 5.

Benevento.

Christian mother, when thy prayer
 Trembles on the twilight air,
 And thou askest God to keep,
 In their waking and their sleep,
 Those whose love is more to thee
 Than the wealth of land or sea,
 Think of those who wildly mourn
 For the lov'd ones from them torn !

Christian daughter, sister, wife !
 Ye who wear a guarded life—
 Ye whose bliss hangs not, like mine,
 On a tyrant's word or sign,
 Will ye hear, with careless eye,
 Of the wild despairing cry,
 Rising up from human hearts,
 As their latest bliss departs ?

Blest ones ! whom no hands on earth,
 Dare to wrench from home and hearth,—
 Ye whose hearts are shelter'd well,
 By affection's holy spell,—
 Oh, forget not those for whom
 Life is nought but changeless gloom,
 O'er whose days of cheerless sorrow,
 Hope may paint no brighter morrow !

HYMN 6.

Sicilian Hymn.

Natives of a land of glory,
 Daughters of the good and brave,
 Hear the injured bondman's story,
 Hear, and help the kneeling slave.
 Think, how nought but death can sever
 Your lov'd children from your hold ;
 Still alive—but lost forever—
 Ours are parted, bought and sold !
 Seize, oh ! seize each favoring season—
 Scorning censure or applause ;
 Justice, Truth, Religion, Reason,
 Are your Leaders in our cause !
 Follow !—faithful, firm, confiding—
 Spread our wrongs from shore to shore ;
 Mercy's God your efforts guiding,
 Slavery shall be known no more.

HYMN 7.

Tallis Chant.

Christians—boast not the name you bear,
While you that sacred name deprave ;
Oh ! hear a suppliant brother's prayer—
In mercy spare the kneeling slave !—

And may that Power enthroned on high !
He whom as Christians ye adore,
Root in your hearts humanity,
And trampled human rights restore ;

While with oppressive wrongs you sway,
Do you God's holy will perform ?
Does He such tyranny display ?
Did He for slaves to men us form ?

Ah ! no, the God and judge of all
Hath oft withdrawn his chastening hand ;
That mercy freely shewn to all,
Let flourish o'er a christian land.

Dare not to mock your Saviour's name,
By actions with which misery blends ;
What you profess, by *works* proclaim,
And be the Negro's guiding friends ;

Nor them from home and kindred tear,
And with a lawless curse pursue ;
In pity hear, in mercy spare,
Lest heaven its mercy turn from you.

Oh! let the bleeding slaves be free
 From Slavery's disgraceful chain!
 Give them their right—their liberty—
 Then own your Saviour's holy name.

HYMN 8.

St. Ann's.

From every clime beneath the skies,
 Profaned by Slavery's chain,
 The prayers of captive millions rise;
 And shall they plead in vain?
 Shall man, of little power possess'd,
 His fellow worm inthral;
 And rudely from his brother wrest
 A blessing—given to all?
 Yes! thus it is;—yet, not unpaid,
 His tyranny prevails;
 And all his barbarous deeds are weigh'd
 In Heaven's unerring scales.
 And when the dark and silent grave
 Its gloomy jaws shall close,
 And the stern master and his slave
 Alike in dust repose,—
 Each bursting sigh, each bitter tear,
 Each bosom's tortured beat,
 Shall then in black array appear
 Before the judgment seat.

HYMN 9.

Christmas.

Rise, freemen, rise ! the call goes forth ;
 List to the high command—
 Obedience to the word of God,
 Throughout this mighty land.

Rise, free the slave ! oh ! burst his chains ;
 His fetters cast ye down ;
 Let virtue be your country's pride,
 Her diadem and crown,—

That the blest day may soon arrive,
 When equal all shall be,
 And freedom's banner waving high
 Proclaim that *all are free*.

HYMN 10.

Italian Hymn.

With thy pure dew and rains,
 Wash out, O God, the stains
 From Afric's shore ;
 And, while her palm trees bud,
 Let not her children's blood
 With her broad Niger's flood
 Be mingled more !

Quench, righteous God, the thirst
That Congo's sons hath cursed—
The thirst for gold!

Shall not thy thunders speak,
Where Mammon's altars reek,
Where maids and matrons shriek,
Bound, bleeding, sold?

Hear'st thou, O God, those chains,
Clanking on Freedom's plains,
By Christians wrought!
Them, who those chains have worn,
Christians from home have torn,
Christians have hither borne,
Christians have bought!

Cast down, great God, the fanes
That, to unhallowed gains,
Round us have risen—
Temples, whose priesthood pore
Moses and Jesus o'er,
Then bolt the black man's door,
The poor man's prison!

Wilt thou not, Lord, at last,
From thine own image, cast
Away all cords,
But that of love, which brings
Man, from his wanderings,
Back to the King of kings,
The Lord of lords!

[HYMN 11.]

Rothwell.

When injured Afric's captive claim,
Loads the sad gale with startling moan,
The frown of deep indignant blame
Bend not on *Southern climes* alone.

Her toil, and chain, and scalding tear,
Our daily board with luxuries deck,
And to dark slavery's yoke severe,
Our fathers help'd to bow her neck.

If slumbering in the thoughtful breast,
Or justice or compassion dwell,
Call from their couch the hallowed guest,
The deed to prompt, the prayer to swell.

Oh, lift the hand, and Peace shall bear
Her olive where the palm tree grows,
And torrid Afric's desert share
The fragrance of salvation's rose.

But if with Pilate's stoic eye,
We calmly *wash* when blood is spilt;
Or deem a cold, unpitying sigh,
Absolves us from the stain of guilt ;

Or if, like Jacob's recreant train,
Who traffick'd in a brother's wo,
We hear the suppliant plead in vain,
Or mock his tears that wildly flow ;

Will not the judgments of the skies,
 Which threw a shield round Joseph sold,
 Be roused by fetter'd Afric's cries,
 And change to dross th' oppressor's gold?

HYMN 12.

Missionary Hymn.

Think of our country's glory,
 All dimm'd with Afric's tears—
 Her broad flag stained and gory
 With th' hoarded guilt of years.

Think of the frantic mother,
 Lamenting for her child,
 Till falling lashes smother
 Her cries of anguish wild!

Think of the prayers ascending,
 Yet shrieked, alas! in vain,
 When heart from heart is rending,
 Ne'er to be joined again!

Shall we behold, unheeding,
 Life's holiest feelings crush'd?—
 When woman's heart is bleeding,
 Shall woman's voice be hush'd?

Oh, no! by every blessing,
 That Heaven to thee may lend—
 Remember their oppression,
 Forget not, sister, friend.

HYMN 13.

Greenville.

Heaven help ye, lorn ones ! bending
 'Neath your weary life of pain,
 Tears of ceaseless anguish blending
 With the bitter cup ye drain ;
 Yet think not your prayers ascending,
 Shall forever rise in vain !

Hearts there are, of human feeling,
 That have felt your cry of wo :
 Bear awhile ! and soon revealing
 Brighter prospects with its glow,
 Light across your night-clouds stealing,
 Hours of freedom yet may show.

HYMN 14.

Eaton.

It is the wrongs of Afric's sons
 We feel,—and would our aid extend
 Unto the injured suff'ring ones,
 Who loudly call us to befriend,
 When their deep groans ascend on high
 In piercing heart-wrung agony.

Too long, too long in Freedom's land
 Oppression holds her iron sway,—
 O rescue from the tyrant's hand,
 His feeble, unresisting prey,
 Until the voice of Liberty
 Proclaims that all her sons are free.

HYMN 15.

Portuguese Hymn.

Sons of Columbia! awake from your sleeping!
 Awake! lest your slumbers be those of the grave!
 See yonder, the Genius of Liberty weeping,
 And pointing, thro' tears, to the chains of the slave!

Love ye your blessings? your blood-purchased glory,
 Plucked forth 'neath the Lion of Albion's mane?
 Long ye to live in the pages of story,
 When monarchs and sceptres in darkness shall wane?

Then awaken! and fling from your bondmen forever,
 The fetters now galling on many a limb!
 God gave ye *your* freedom: and never—no—never
 Forbear to obey, or confide ye in HIM!

Yea, now, boasting freemen! give ear to His thunder—
 His voice loud careering 'mid tempests on high!
 Obey! lest in wrath He should tear ye asunder,
 And cast ye, like dust, on the winds of the sky!

'Undo the slave's burden! let his yoke be broken!
 Knock off every chain! let your brother go free!
 Do this—and from heaven shall gleam out a token
 Of UNION to you—of forgiveness from ME!'

Sons of Columbia! awake from your sleeping!
 Awake! lest your slumbers be those of the grave!
 See, yonder, the Genius of Liberty weeping,
 And pointing, thro' tears, to the chains of the slave!

HYMN 16.

Italian Hymn.

Ye who in bondage pine,
 Shut out from light divine,
 Bereft of hope ;
 Whose limbs are worn with chains,
 Whose tears bedew our plains,
 Whose blood our glory stains,
 In gloom who grope :—

Shout ! for the hour draws nigh,
 That gives you liberty !
 And from the dust,—
 So long your vile embrace,—
 Uprising, take your place
 Among earth's noblest race,
 By right, *the first !*

The night—the long, long night
 Of infamy and slight,
 Shame and disgrace,
 And slavery, worse than e'er
 Rome's serfs were doomed to bear,
 Bloody beyond compare—
 Recedes apace !

Speed, speed the hour, O Lord !
 Speak, and, at thy dread word,
 Fetters shall fall
 From every limb—the strong
 No more the weak shall wrong,
 But LIBERTY's sweet song
 Be sung by all !

HYMN 17.

Benevento.

Daughters of the Pilgrim Sires,
Dwellers by their mould'ring graves,
Watchers of their altar fires,
Look upon your country's slaves !

Look ! 'tis woman's streaming eye,
These are woman's fetter'd hands,
That to you, so mournfully,
Lift sad glance, and iron bands.

Mute, yet strong appeal of wo !
Wakes it not your starting tears ?
Though your hearts may never know
Half the bitter doom of hers.

Scars are on her fetter'd limbs,
Where the savage scourge hath been ;
But the grief her eye that dims,
Flows for deeper wounds within.

For the children of her love,
For the brothers of her race,
Sisters, like vine-branches wove,
In one early dwelling place—

For the parent forms that hung
Fondly o'er her infant sleep,
And for him to whom she clung,
With affection true and deep—

By her sad forsaken hearth,
 'Tis for these she wildly grieves!
 Now all scatter'd o'er the earth,
 Like the wind-strewn autumn leaves!

Ev'n her babes so dear, so young,
 And so treasured in her heart,
 That the chords which round them clung,
 Seem'd its life, its dearest part—

These, ev'n these were torn away!
 These, that when all else were gone,
 Cheer'd her heart with one bright ray,
 That still bade its pulse beat on!

Then to still her frantic wo,
 The inhuman scourge was tried,
 Till the tears that ceased to flow,
 Were with redder drops supplied.

And can you behold unmoved,
 All the crushing weight of grief,
 That her aching heart has proved,
 Seeking not to yield relief?

Are not *woman's* pulses warm,
 Beating in that anguish'd breast?
 Is it not a *sister's* form,
 On whose limbs those fetters rest?

Oh then save her from a doom,
 Worse than aught that ye may bear;
 Let her pass not to the tomb,
 Midst her bondage and despair,

HYMN 18.

Old Hundred.

Oh! if to Afric's sable race

A fearful debt we justly owe,
If heaven's dread book record the trace
Of ev'ry deed and thought below—

And if for them the Christian prayer
Implores of God to guide and save,
Then let these helpless suppliants share
From mercy's store the mite they crave.

Touch deep for them the pitying breast,
Bid bounty's stream flow warm and free ;
For who can tell, among the blest,
How sweet their harps of praise may be ?

HYMN 19.

German Hymn.

Let mammon hold while mammon can,
The bones and blood of living man ;
Let tyrants scorn while tyrants dare,
The shrieks and writhings of despair ;

The end will come, it will not wait,
Bonds, yokes and scourges have their date ;
Slavery itself must pass away,
And be a tale of yesterday.

HYMN 20.

Shirland.

God gave to Afric's sons,
A brow of sable dye,—
And spread the country of their birth
Beneath a burning sky,—

With olive cheek he made
The little Hindoo child,
And darkly stained the forest tribes
That roam our western wild.—

To us, he gave a form
Of fairer, whiter clay,—
But are we therefore, in his sight,
Respected more than they?—

'Tis th' hue of deeds and thoughts
He traces in His Book,—
'Tis the *complexion of the heart*,
On which He deigns to look.

Not by the tinted cheek
That fades away so fast,
But by the *color of the soul*
We shall be judged at last.

The Lord will look at us
With anger in His eyes,
If we our brother's darker brow
Should ever dare despise.

HYMN 21.

Orland.

Victims of tyranny and lust,
 In brutal servitude who pine ;
 In your Creator be your trust,
 And plead his promises divine.

Helpless and faint as you may be,
 And the oppressor stout and strong,
 Who dares to call his property,
 The beings who to God belong :

There is an eye that pities you—
 An arm almighty, strong to save—
 A voice shall strike with terror through
 The tyrant, and redeem the slave.

He 'll tarry not, the awful One—
 His chariot now begins to move !
 The year of jubilee's begun,
 The reign of sympathy and love !

HYMN 22.

Sicilian Hymn.

Saviour ! though by scorn requited,
 Oft'ner than by gratitude,
 Still on earth thy soul delighted
 Constantly in doing good.

Wealth, complexion, grandeur, station,
 Vain distinctions were to thee :
 Love like thine, nor caste nor nation
 Bounded its infinity.

Thou didst heal the lame—the dying ;
 Feed the multitude with bread ;
 Not a suppliant denying ;
 Raising up to life the dead !

Even on the cross expiring,
 Agonized beyond compare,
 (Filial love new strength acquiring,)
 She who bore thee claimed thy care.

To the loved disciple turning—
 ‘ See thy mother ! ’—Lord, ’tis done !
 Then to her, with bosom yearning,—
 ‘ Woman, there behold thy son ! ’

As the WAY to glory leading,
 As the TRUTH that sets us free,
 As the LIGHT from heaven proceeding,
 Chiefly do we honor thee.

‘ FOLLOW ME ! ’—Yes, precious Saviour,
 In thy footsteps will we tread ;
 By thy grace, our whole behaviour
 Shall be worthy of our HEAD !

Help us every chain to sever—
 Every captive to set free—
 And our guilty land deliver
 From the curse of slavery !

HYMN 23.

Newport.

Light of the world, arise ! arise !
 On Africa thy glories shed ;
 Fetter'd, in darkness deep she lies
 With weeping eye, and drooping head.
 Through gloomy wilds which shade her shore,
 The blood-stain'd murderer seeks his prey ;
 Those shrieks,—that light—'tis seen no more,
 The victims where, O where are they ?
 Why heed their doom ? for hope can give
 To death e'en beauty's softest light ;
 It conquers pain, its raptures live,
 When fades whate'er of earth is bright.
 But what avails, if yet unknown
 Hope's kindling flame and living power ?
 Come they not from th' eternal Throne ?
 Cheer they the sinner's dying hour ?
 Light of the world, arise ! arise !
 Millions in tears await the day ;
 Shine cloudless forth, O cheer our eyes,
 And banish sin and grief away.

HYMN 24.

Dover.

Oh ! hear the wailing cry ;
 The wretched slave complains,
 His brother's hand deep wrong inflicts,
 And binds in galling chains.

With scoffs that brother sees
 Those chains his body bind,
 And draws the more debasing cords
 Around th' immortal mind.

Oh, melt those flinty hearts,
 Strong prejudice remove,
 And teach thy paler children, Lord,
 Thy sable sons to love.

Hast thou not promised long ?
 We fain the day would see,
 When Ethiopia's trampled sons
 Shall stretch the hand to thee.

Then speed the joyful time,
 Bend every heart of pride,
 Till humbled lord, and slave set free,
 Shall worship side by side.

HYMN 25.

Evening Hymn.

The hour of freedom ! come it must—
 O, hasten it, in mercy, Heaven !
 When all who grovel in the dust,
 Shall stand erect, their fetters riven !

When glorious freedom shall be won
 By every caste, complexion, clime ;
 When tyranny shall be o'erthrown,
 And *color* cease to be a *crime* !

Friend of the poor—long suffering Lord !

This guilty land from ruin save !

Let JUSTICE sheathe his glitt'ring sword,

And MERCY rescue from the grave !

And ye, who are like cattle sold,

And vilely trodden like the earth,

And bartered constantly for gold—

Your souls debased from their high birth :

Bear meekly still your cruel woes ;

Light follows darkness—comfort, pain :

So time shall give you sweet repose,

And sever every hateful chain.

Not by the sword your liberty

Shall be obtained, in human blood ;

Not by revolt or treachery,—

Revenge did never bring forth good :

God's time is best—'twill not delay—

E'en now your cause is blossoming,

And rich shall be the fruit:—the day

Of your redemption loudly sing !

HYMN 26.

Bear'st thou a man's, a Christian's name ?

If not for pity, yet for shame,

O, fling the scourge aside ;

Her tender form may writhe and bleed,

But deeper cuts thy barbarous deed

The female's modest pride.

Sin first by woman came ;—for this
 The Lord hath marr'd her earthly bliss,
 With many a bitter throe ;
 But mercy tempers wrath, and scorn
 Pursues the wretch who adds a thorn
 To heaven inflicted wo.

Thine infancy was lulled to rest
 On woman's nurt'ring bosom prest,
 Enfolded by her arm ;
 Her hand upheld thy tott'ring pace ;—
 And oh ! how deep the foul disgrace,
 If thine can work her harm !

Hush not thy nature's conscious plea ;
 Weak, helpless, succorless, to thee
 Her looks for mercy pray :
 He who records each lash, will roll
 Torrents of vengeance on thy soul !—
 Oh ! fling that scourge away !

HYMN 27.

Lo, in southern skies afar,
 Mounted on Oppression's car,
 Rides a pale and sickly star—
 God of slavery ;
 Misery, with ghastly train,
 Dealing horror, wo and pain,
 Sweeps along his fell domain,
 Like the troubled sea.

Sons of Freedom, favored high,
 Oh ! regard the suppliant eye !
 Will you pass the black man by,
 Nor extend relief?
 When the skies are bright and fair,
 When ye breathe the fragrant air,
 When the heart is free from care,
 Heed his tearful grief!

Scorch'd beneath the burning ray,
 Lash'd along his weary way,
 Toiling lonely, day by day,
 In his clanking chain !—
 Scorn'd, detested, ever be
 Those who boast of liberty,
 Yet in cruel slavery
 Deathless souls retain !

Dare they steal, oppress, defraud ?
 Let them tremble—JUST IS GOD !
 See ! he lifts his dreadful rod !
 Clouds of vengeance burst !
 As in wrath from pole to pole,
 Lightnings flash and thunders roll,
 Horrors seize each guilty soul—
 It shall die accurs'd !

When your hearts with fervor glow,
 Round the altar bending low,
 CHRISTIANS ! crave a blessing now,
 On the injured slave.

God of justice, to whose throne
 Rises oft the prisoner's groan,
 Send, oh ! send deliverance down,
 And in mercy save !

HYMN 28.

Greenville.

Once poor Afric's day was shining ;
 Once her night flashed many a star ;
 But that day saw a declining,
 O'er her sky spread clouds afar.
 O, poor Afric ! O, poor Afric !
 O'er her sky spread darkness far.

Once she had her halls of learning ;
 Once possessed her sacred groves :
 But her halls long since were burning,
 Mid her walks the slaver roves.
 O, poor Afric ! O, poor Afric !
 Mid her walks the slaver roves.

Once her hills proclaimed her power ;
 Once her fountains gushed with wealth :
 But in treach'ry's darkling hour,
 'Wolf-like,' came the white in stealth !
 O, poor Afric ! O, poor Afric !
 To thy folds crept whites in stealth.

Sires of Afric ! Once ye wandered
 O'er your soil, all happy—free !

Here behold your offspring squandered—
Chains and stripes their liberty.

O, poor Afric ! O, poor Afric !

Chains and stripes their liberty.

Ah ! that slavers should have brought ye,
From your land—your bodies sold !

Ah, that CHRISTIANS should have bought ye,
Should oppress ye still for gold !

O, poor Afric ! O, poor Afric !

Ye are still oppressed for gold.

But to night must follow morning ;

Darkness must give place to day ;

Yea, awake !—the light *is* dawning !

Soon your clouds shall flee away !

O, poor Afric ! O, poor Afric !

Soon your clouds shall flee away !

God is still your friend ! Look to Him ;

Lift to Him your suppliant prayer !

None distrust who ever knew Him ;

None who know Him need despair !

O, poor Afric ! O, poor Afric !

None who know Him need despair !

HYMN 29.

Swanwick.

While on the distant Hindoo shore

Messiah's cross is reared,

While Pagan votaries bow no more

With idol blood besmeared—

While Palestine again doth hear
 The Gospel's joyful sound,
 While Islam's crescents disappear
 From Calvary's holy ground—

Say, shall not Afric's fated land
 With news of grace be blest?
 Say, shall not Ethiopia's band,
 Enjoy the promised rest?

Ye herald's of a Saviour's love
 To Afric's regions fly;
 O haste, and let compassion move
 For millions doomed to die.

Blessed Jesus, who for these hast bled,
 Wilt thou the captives free;
 And Ethiopia, too, shall spread
 Her ransomed hands to thee.

HYMN 30.

Think of the slave in your hours of glee,
 Ye who are treading life's flowery way;
 Nought but its rankling thorns has he,
 Nought but the gloom of its wintry day.

Think of the slave in your hours of wo—
 What are your sorrows to that he bears?
 Quenching the light of his bosom's glow,
 With a life-long stain of gushing tears.

Think of the slave in your hours of prayer,
 When worldly thoughts in your hearts are dim;
 Offer your thanks for the bliss ye share,
 But pray for a brighter lot for him.

HYMN 31.

Truro.

O Lord ! whose forming hand one blood
To all the tribes and nations gave,
And giv'st to all their daily food,
Look down in pity on the slave !

Fetters and chains and stripes remove,
And freedom to their bodies give ;
And pour the tide of light and love
Upon their souls, and bid them live.

Oh, kindle in our hearts a flame
Of zeal, thy holy will to do ;
And bid each child, who loves thy name,
To love his bleeding brother too.

We send to foreign shores thy word,
To guide to Thee the steps that roam :
Shall we forget the myriads, Lord,
Who sit in darkness here at home ?

Bend the proud hearts, the iron hands,
That vex thy sable children so,
Till they undo the heavy bands,
And let their sighing captives go.

Through all thy temples, let the stain
Of prejudice each bosom flee ;
And hand in hand, let Afric's train,
With Europe's children, worship thee.

HYMN 32.*

Sweet Home.

GREAT GOD, if the humble and weak are as dear
 To thy love as the proud, to thy children give ear!
 Our brethren would drive us in deserts to roam;
 Forgive them, O Father, and keep us at home.

Home, sweet home!

We know of no other; this, this is our home.

Here, here our loved mothers, relax'd from their toils
 To watch o'er our cradles and joy in our smiles;
 Here the bones of our fathers lie buried; and here
 Are friends, wives, and children, ay, all we hold dear.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Here is law, here is learning, and here we may move,
 Most merciful God, in the light of thy love.

Boasts Afric such blessings? Oppressors, declare!

Oh no, we may seek but shall not find them there.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Columbia, dear land of our birthright! may He,
 Who made us a people, rain blessings on thee!
 From thy bosom no pleading shall tempt us to roam;
 Till force drive us from it, this, this is our home.

Home, sweet home,

Till force drive us from it, this, this is our home.

* This Hymn is expressive of the sentiments of the colored population of this country, with regard to the wild and cruel scheme of African Colonization.